

LOREDANA'S COMING OUT



The month was July, the day it was hot.
I thought I was dying but found I was not.
"Stop screaming, push, push" was all I could hear
And then, amidst the pain, it all became clear.
I had not been in battle, there was no bloody earth.
It was all very simple, I was merely giving birth!

After hours of agony a voice yelled "ahoy!"
"a head has appeared and it looks like a boy."
My heart slumped, I tore at the bed.
All my nine months of longing had been dashed - by a
head!
T'was a girl I was waiting for all along
And when the body appeared, they were all proved wrong.

How glad was I that my dream had come true.
The pain being over, my heart felt anew.
Somewhere below me the scissors were used
And as the nurse pressed my tummy I felt something ooze.
"Is that her?" I shrieked as I stared between my legs.
"Oh no, that's the afterbirth, what we call the dregs."



I lay back, relieved to have my mind put at rest.
But soon I was to see her and that would be the test.
A heap appeared, it was thrust into my arms

And I searched in vain for my bundle of charms.
I prodded and poked, for she was so concealed
But at last a mass of black hair was revealed.

I stared at it, it stared back at me.
I was filled with wonder as to what it could be.
Could she really be mine, with red face and slanting eyes?
Surely she was from China and was here in disguise?
It occurred to me then that this was a joke
And that this creature belonged to some other folk.

I summoned the nurse to point out the mistake,
But she laughed and said "this is no fake".
Good God, thought I, what have I done?
With a face like that, it *should* have been a son!
It's monstrous mouth burst open wide
And if I hadn't been alert I'd have fallen inside.



The noise was deafening, it's face became redder
And the nurse implied "that's 'cos you haven't fed'er".
With frantic fury she ripped the clothes from my top
And grabbing my breast my baby fed non-stop.
It chewed and chomped for what seemed an eternity
And I was reduced to the lowly state of maternity.

I was forced to accept that this creature was mine
And that I should name her, it was about time.
This being done and the years having passed



I begin to realise that my love will last.
For this wonderful child that God's given me
I wouldn't swap for all the China in Tea!

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